




sorry I haven't written



Chaz
 [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>
2007-11-25 08:30:00

MOOD: 😞 exhausted

MUSIC: the rustle of manila folders, the burble of the coffeepot

...there's nothing happening here. Just endless rounds of jamming paperwork and eating bowls of cereal. I think the local cop shop is contemplating relocating operations to a nearby breakfast joint, just so there will somebody else to make the coffee. Nobody is ever actually prepared for how much coffee we drink.

But the weather is gorgeous--high sixties and mostly sunny--and I'm maybegonna take off for a couple of hours this afternoon to clear my head and see if a stiff hike up something steep makes me smarter, assuming I can find something steep that's not also on fire. Victimology is not cutting it, and I think it's because his real victims are the first responders, which means he's somewhere close to the investigation.

Lau's got an idea for throwing a press conference, to see if we can provoke him, because otherwise on Monday we come home, do what we can on consult--and wait for Hanukkah or maybe Christmas and try to get ahead of him then.

As you can imagine, Hafs, that's not a solution any of us are looking forward to. Dad is stalking around like a marionette on a 'roid rage. Duke is just quiet. I think Mom is taking it hardest, though...

Tried to call Amarilis last night to give her an update on the potential for being home in time to see her Tuesday, but just got her voicemail. You know, some days you can't get a pat on the head no matter how big the puppy dog eyes you make at the universe.

On the other hand, I did get to shock the staff at the Field (Irish pub in the Gaslamp district) with my boxty consumption. And Mom even put dinner on her expense account.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

28 comments



 trollcatz

November 25 2007, 15:54:07 UTC COLLAPSE

I officially and publicly apologize for my attempt to get your whole head in my mouth and sever your neck with my teeth yesterday.

I am a sucky human being when underslept, and I should try to remember that and compensate better.



 cvillette

November 25 2007, 16:00:23 UTC COLLAPSE

We're *all* skating, on this one.

Besides, I was so busy hiding from Dad, I hardly noticed that you'd grown fangs.



 trollcatz

November 25 2007, 16:25:21 UTC COLLAPSE

Well, just to make sure you don't go and forgive me or something, let me ask:

Did you call Amarilis before or after you were confronted with the waitress at The Field with the adorable Irish accent? (Talk about big-eyed; you shoulda seen you.)



 cvillette

November 25 2007, 16:26:16 UTC COLLAPSE

Um.

I WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE LOOKING.



 trollcatz

November 25 2007, 16:33:52 UTC COLLAPSE

(It made me feel all melty. I wonder if T. can do an Irish accent?)



cvillette

November 25 2007, 16:37:53 UTC

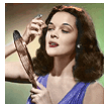
COLLAPSE

I could have about died during the part where she bent *way over* between Mom and Duke to put Dad's plate down, and I was sitting right next to him. I think Dad did an excellent job of looking like he wasn't staring down her sweater.

(Teal blue lace, if you were wondering. OMG. Athletic girls are nice, but the curvy plump ones have something to recommend them too...)

Also the bit where she polished Duke's bald spot with her towel.

God, I'm so shallow. I wouldn't date me. But she was even flirting with Mom.



Ometochtli

November 25 2007, 17:07:47 UTC

COLLAPSE

...polished... towel...

hyperventilates

NO PHOTOS?

How did Mom handle the flirting?



trollcatz

November 25 2007, 17:39:15 UTC

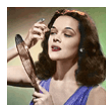
COLLAPSE

Nobody ever has the phone in hand at the really significant moments.

Re Mom:

So the waitress says to her, "The bread pudding's lovely. And you know how men are-- you shouldn't count on this lot to share."

Perfectly deadpan, Mom replies, "Oh, they give me pretty much anything I ask for."




Ometochtli

November 25 2007, 17:49:12 UTC

COLLAPSE

<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3 OMG MOM FTW <3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 25 2007, 17:56:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, well, *Duke* was the one who got her phone number.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 25 2007, 17:57:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You think he'll share?

(This kind of takes us back to the bread pudding, doesn't it?)



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 25 2007, 17:57:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

SO TELLING YOUR GIRLFRIEND....



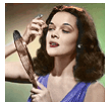
 [cvillette](#)

[November 25 2007, 17:58:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It was a *joke.*

We have those in California.

It's where you say something because it's funny, without really meaning it.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 25 2007, 17:58:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

fun-nee?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 25 2007, 18:14:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

u nvr want us 2 do that



 [cvillette](#)

[November 25 2007, 18:15:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Do what?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 25 2007, 18:16:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

food=luvlife=food *g*




 [cvillette](#)

[November 25 2007, 18:17:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Now you're just *inviting* me to brag.

You're on your phone, arentcha?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 25 2007, 18:25:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

cn tell?



 [cvillette](#)

[November 25 2007, 18:26:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

douuughhhhnnuuuttttssss.

There might even be one left.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 25 2007, 17:42:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Dad is so devious he can convince you he didn't even notice the subject was female, then tell you if it was an underwire.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 25 2007, 17:48:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

front-closure.

Ahem.

(See? I'm practicing my observational skills.)

...and Amarilis finally answered her phone. And was off to lunch with her dad, but yay, anyway.

Daphs, hurry back, we have doughnuts.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 25 2007, 18:12:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

eta--eh, depends on I-5. oops here it's THE 5.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 25 2007, 21:19:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

but the curvy plump ones have something to recommend them too...

Almost forgot: Sometimes the curvy plump ones are surprisingly athletic. o.O

L



[cvillette](#)

[November 25 2007, 21:20:27 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

mmm.

ahem.

where were we?

oh, yeah, waiting for the other shoe to drop.



[trollcatz](#)

[November 25 2007, 16:31:30 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

God, I hope Lau's thing works. 'Cause if we provoke him, and he does what he does best, and one of the locals catches the results, none of us will ever be able to show our faces in San Diego again.

And that was *really* great Guinness.

(Do I sound like an insouciant tough guy yet? I've been watching CSI for pointers. *g*)



[cvillette](#)

[November 25 2007, 16:32:47 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Just don't watch it for crime scene technique.

Or Vegas geography.



[trollcatz](#)

[November 25 2007, 16:35:38 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

snort

[locked] [Dream Journal](#)

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[Elvis doesn't live here](#)

[anymore.](#)

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[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet](#)
[puppets. Scary.](#)